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Doctor Who



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Chapter 1 by Brooklynn A. Baartman

The Doctor had been on his own for a while now. 90 years. A lot of planets had been destroyed, 3/4 had been destroyed and the other 1/4 had been taken over by Deleks. The doctor had given up. He couldn't save the universe anymore. Nobody could be his companion any more, that he knew of. Maybe there were people left, or something left. He just floated outside of the boarder, that he could not enter, in his TARDIS!

Chapter 2 by R



He had been lying around in the TARDIS for so long, mostly letting his mind wander aimlessly, when there came a knock at the door.

No one knocked at the TARDIS door. Not here, floating not only in space but in the most desolate part of space he could find, and certainly not in this time frame when most all of the major civilizations had been destroyed.

Still, the knock repeated itself, a hard tapping that resounded through the TARDIS. The Doctor didn't move to answer the door. but he heard the doors swing open regardless. and in stepped -

No.

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No no no no no no no no.

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Her face was that of a stranger, braided black hair tied up and dark green eyes staring curiously around. She looked regal, imperial even, and she looked tired. Like him. Tired at all of the defeat, all of the loss.

But most of all she had that spark in her eyes, the spark that had drifted out of his in the ninety years spent alone. She rushed forward and hugged him, tightly, pulling him up. The doctor was still in shock, unable to speak.

The face was a stranger, but you are never to judge a book by it's cover or a person by their face, especially not when some books change jackets so easily, or people their faces.

Romanadvoratrelundar stood there in all her glory, hugging on to him tightly as if she had never expected to see another living soul, or at least another time lord, again.

He stared at her, voice failing him from shock and disuse. Gallifrey was dead. Romana was dead. She had died with it, bitter at being overthrown from the presidency but still loyal til the end. So many of his friends had died there. Romana. Leela. Even his brother. . .

No, he didn't speak. He didn't form any words, or make any movements, too overwhelmed at it all. It had been so long, even for a time lord. It had hurt so much.

For the first time in almost ninety years, the Doctor permitted himself to cry, but for once, it was not tears of sadness.

Chapter 3 by R



As soon as she released him from the hug, she slapped him. Hard.

"You absolute moron." She said, tears on her face but a smile in her eyes. "How could you do this to me! We all thought you were dead!"

He stared at her, silent. How could he explain? Even now she was still so much younger than him, so much more Gallifreyan. She had never known the heartbreak of companions and

leaving.

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She had known that of failing, but she had never known the heartbreak of companions and leaving. It was stronger than him. It's why she sought the presidency.

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They didn't talk for a while. He'd grown use to not talking, and his latest incarnation was a quiet one, much quieter than all it's precedents.

It was him who finally spoke.

Chapter 4 by CB Baker



"Romana, how did you find me?" the Doctor said, looking into her big, trusting eyes. They hadn't changed. The Doctor sighed. After all these years, they had stayed the same. They hadn't aged, like his. They looked so undeniably young.

Romana looked down at her hands, "It wasn't just me, who tried to find you," she looked up at him, grimly, "The others didn't make it."

The Doctor felt like he had heard that far too many times in his long lifetime. So many people had been lost. It hurt both of his hearts with a pain so intense, he knew it would never fade.

He had given his life to the Universe. He had protected it, but in doing so he had lost so many incredible people. Rose Tyler had gone, leaving him feel secretly bitter. Others had to go. They always had to go.

He would show them the whole universe, give them control to do whatever they wanted, see the stars and galaxies and planets, but all they ever wanted to do was go home... to Earth. To the one place the Doctor could never really stay.

No place was home to the Doctor, except for his TARDIS. But those rooms were so vast, so empty... so quiet. He considered getting a pet, but dismissed the idea as quickly as he had thought it up.

He missed his friends, his companions. He missed their laughter, their voices, their excitement.

But now Romana stood before him. Another Timelord. With her came the knowledge that he was not alone. It was both unnerving and reassuring at the same time.

"Why did you try to find me?" The Doctor asked, his voice soft. See more of Story Wars

Romana's eyes softened. She reached out and touched his shoulder, gently, "We could never accept that you died... and oh my, you've changed."

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The Doctor straightened himself up and frowned. "Yes, I have, Romana. But you.. you're the same. That's something worth thinking about."

His mind buzzed, If Romana hadn't changed, then how had she survived the Time War? He had seen her get hit, badly hit. Hard enough to regenerate for sure. And she didn't have a spare hand like he did.

"Oh, you didn't know? The Time War never happened, Doctor." She smiled darkly and the Doctor opened his eyes wide with horror.

Chapter 5 by CB Baker



I look into his eyes, searching for something, anything, that would indicate a response, an acknowledgement. But find nothing.

Eventually, he sits down, with a thud. He seems to be upset, but I can't be sure. He's constantly changing, his form, but it's his eyes that always stay the same. Those beautiful eyes show a glimpse of who he truly is. And they're concealed by his hair, so I can't see how he feels and It hurts a little.

I try to conceal my weakness, my empathy for him. I try.

My lips straighten into a neutral composure, to complete the mask I wear. 'For protection', I'd been told. To protect me from being known, understood.

"Please, darling, give me a sign," I hear myself say and he doesn't move. He just looks at those hands of his. Those worn hands.

"W- why would you lie to me... about the war? A-about..." he's breathless, "... my family?"

He finally looks up at me as I try to muster up a response. And I see a man I hadn't seen in a while, at least not since the war. One with an unsteady heartbeat, an unclear vision, and unsure mind.

A broken man.

See more of Story Wars

I want more than ever to

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help but want to glue together the pieces of his life, back into the glorious structure it had once been.

He surely deserves it. Happiness.

"Please, let me take you home."

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